



**CREEPLY**  
**#45**

MAY 1992

FIRST AND BEST IN ILLUSTRATED HORROR

# CREEPLY

A WARREN  
MAGAZINE

SAMPLE  
PDC  
75¢

GOthic TERROR IN  
THE OLD TRADITION:  
"FOR THE SAKE OF  
YOUR CHILDREN" Page 53



**"DUNGEONS OF THE SOUL"** WRITTEN BY  
T. CASEY BODENMAN



# CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

KNOW HOW MAN CAME ABOUT INHABITING THIS PARTICULAR PLANET, RAGGED READER? OR ARE YOU CONTENT WITH BELIEVING THE DARKER THEORY OF MAN'S EVOLUTION? IT WASN'T TOO MANY YEARS AGO THAT SCIENCE WAS IN AN UPROAR OVER THE QUESTION OF "HOW MAN CAME TO BE?" THERE WAS CONFUSION WORLD WIDE! RIGHT AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE...

## The CHIKIL TABLETS!



DR. CHARLES CHIKIL, DARING ARCHAEOLOGIST DURING AMERICA'S PROGRESSION PERIOD IS CREDITED WITH ONE OF THE GREATEST HISTORICAL FEATS TO STIMULATE THE MIND OF ANY SCIENCE-FICTION BUFF! ON HIS FAMED EXPEDITION TO THE MEXICAN LAND IN 1925, DR. CHIKIL UNCOVERED A SET OF TABLETS NEAR THE DEAD BEAST TROUGH BRASHLY WORK, AND WRITTEN IN A LANGUAGE ALL BUT FORGOTTEN, WHEN DISCOVERED THEY TOLD A "TERRIBLE STORY OF MAN'S ORIGIN-INGS ON EARTH..."



"WHEN THE SKY WAS DARK AND THE EARTH STILL HADN'T FROM ITS BEGINNING, A GIGANTIC LIGHT IN THE SKY PLUNGED TOWARD A LAND THAT HAD NEVER BEEN TOUCHED BY LIFE!"

FROM THE SKY, THE MORNINGGLOW LIGHT FLASHING NEARER AND NEARER MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE THE SATY ITSELF FALLING FROM THE HEAVENS! AMONG THE "LIGHTS" WERE CREATURES FROM A FAR OFF WORLD! CREATURES THAT ROAMED THE HEAVENS IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE! FEARLESS CREATURES THAT NOW DISCOVERED FEAR AS THEY HURLERLY PLUNGED TOWARD THE NEW WORLD!



FROM THE NIGHTS INFUSED SCATTERED TWO INJURED CREATURES WHO MURDERED THEIR WOUNDS AND LEARNED TO SURVIVE ON AN ALIEN LAND! THIS WAS THE MESSAGE OF ALL MOTHERS, AND THE MESSAGE OF ALL FATHERS!



THE CHIKIL TABLETS... A HISTORY OF MAN'S BEGINNING ON THIS PLANET? OR THE PRODUCT OF A STONE-AGE SCIENCE FICTION WRITER'S IMAGINATION? SCIENCE CAN'T SAY! YOU'LL HAVE TO BE YOUR OWN JUDGE!!



MAY 1972

# **CREEPY**

NO. 45

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Just wasted you to know that Casan (and's) isn't new series are

MARK MILLER  
Sarasota, FL



It reassures me too, Mark. I think Ernie's whole face should be declared a disaster area!



I heard that! And both you creeps can go to hell!

In glancing through my old copies of CREEPY and Eerie, I came to a realization. While I subscribed, I did so really for the stories, but now a few years have passed and the stories hold less for me. However, I really enjoyed Warren called him even more the second time around because of the superior artwork. No other publishing firm has contributed as much to comic art as Warren. A word of thanks then for creating a new phase in an other wise monotonous field.

DON WEDGE  
Louisville, Ky.

I've been faithfully reading CREEPY and Eerie for two years now. Your covers are incredible. Hope you never run out of stories as you're tops.

TIM MASSIMO  
Africa, N.Y.

CREEPY #40 deserves some congratulations. The cover was beautiful. Really loved "The Fade Away Walk." I'm a real Science Fiction nut and I think you should feature more Science Fiction. Please don't ever publish CREEPY in color. If you do, I'll stick Scobilla on you. Only do the front and back covers in color.

GEORGE R. SOREL  
Wassenaar, NJ



## CREEPY COMMENTS

Welcome, CREEPY reader! Inside dogs here once again. This is the place where we fill you in on CREEPY news of note and background information about our artists and writers.

Read "Little Orphan Annie" during the month of December? If not, you missed a conspicuous character by the name of Professor Creepy. See out in our below.

The CREEPY cover puzzles mentioned in this column last issue made the December "Hobbs & Gordon," to wit "Monster reveal, by which we were enlightening children taken from CREEPY, the last rising comic book, this time in your pages by International Polygons, 34 a year." Want them? Watch for our ad, coming soon.

As you read our many and sundry letters on these pages, you'll notice more than a few comments about Luis Garcia's brilliant artwork on "The Men Who Called Him Monster" in CREEPY #43. More of Garcia's work next issue, in a story titled "Bloodhound" by writer Lynn Murray.

Several CREEPY artist Tom Sutton wrote, he wishes this issue with "And Horror Comes From Out of The Sea."



Artist Tom Sutton

CREEPY #43 was great! Especially liked the story "The Men Who Called Him Monster." I haven't read the latest Eerie so I don't know how good it is.

JOHN GRAY  
Monticello, N.Y.



You're not missing much.

CREEPY #43 was an ever age issue. Sam Kelly's cover was quite good. Best overall story was "The Men Who Called Him Monster." Glad to see the work of Grandee and Gordon. Enjoyed the piece on the Second Annual Awards and the Cullen biography on the Fun page.

CRAIG LIDSEITER  
Houston, Texas

My first CREEPY experience was #43. I discovered it among hundreds of other magazines but it stood out clearly. The artwork was fantastic. I bought CREEPY, took it home and discovered it. If many about of CREEPY is as great as #43, you have another lifelong fan. Every story was excellent. I've got the CREEPY bug. Now I'm despond to become another helpless CREEPY fan. In order to survive, I'll send a bi-monthly dose of CREEPY.

HENRY BORDOWSKI  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

When are you going to start using some good writers?

RONALD HAHN  
Merion, Va.

### A BOGUS CREEPY APPEARS IN "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE"



This past December, readers of the syndicated newspaper strip "Little Orphan Annie" were introduced to a Christmas-time villain known as Professor Creepy, the

one speaking all the dialogue above. Anyone out there see a resemblance to our own Uncle in the Dickens-type character? If so, let us know. Artist is Ted Mandel.

## DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, ERNIE!



Up until CREEPY #40, I was an irregular follower. I bought copies only every once in a while. However, with CREEPY #40, you've hooked me for good. The most obvious improvement over past issues is the artwork. It's improved ten-fold since I last read CREEPY. The stories are a different matter. As far as I can tell, the plotting has not improved and, in some cases, it has degenerated significantly. A good case in point is "The Men Who Called Him Monster." Luis Garcia's artwork on this is perhaps the best I have ever seen in any comic magazine. The storyline though was as bad as Garcia's artwork was good. I realize you have to keep up with the times by modernizing your stories with black protagonists, but there is such a thing as carrying things too far. The philosophizing throughout the story was absolutely maddening. It considerably dampened the humor of the story and added nothing to return. Leave that sort of thing to mainstream comics and university professors. Good and fashioned horror stories were meant as succinct, suspense and nothing more. Enjoyed Grandee's job on "Quint of the Desert." His style is unique. "Manger" was also worthy of note as artist Felix Hahn created a real mood of mystery. Let's see more of Man in the future.

BRIAN SCHICK  
Bellingham, Ohio

CREEPY #43 was great! Best story has to be "The Mark of Satan's Claw." More of artist Luis Garcia as his work is beautiful.

TERRY HERNANDEZ  
Houston, Texas

Just started collecting CREEPY, it's such a fantastic magazine I couldn't believe my eyes. Really dug "The Mark of Satan's Claw"

GLENN MORRIS  
San Diego, Calif.

A word of warning: Please don't publish any more stories like "Where Satan Dwells" in CREEPY #39.

PETER ROTH  
Wills Ridge, Mo.

I've been reading CREEPY for about ten years now, and I have yet to encounter a CREEPY I haven't liked. Don't think I overdid CREEPY #43 was outstanding. I loved the cover almost as much as the rest of CREEPY #38. Page 34 of "The Men Who Called Him Monster" was spectacular! Would you a letter once which never made the letters page. At first, I was a little disap-

pointed but when I read that little thing about CREEPY receiving about a thousand letters a day, I felt better (See CREEPY #43, p. 5—ed.) I know now that you can't possibly publish every letter you get but at least I know someone is reading the letters and that's good to know. Please try and get Max Kelly to do more of your covers as he does fantastic work.

RAY URNESS  
Coon Rapids, Minn.



Thanks for the kind words, Ray, and your patience. I got impatient at mail every day. Sometimes I let little things carry the burden because that's about as close as he gets to that much mail.

Wow! What a nice issue! CREEPY #43 has to go down as one of the greatest issues in quite some time. The art was great in every story and this used to be a rarity "The Mark of Satan's Claw" was my favorite story while "The Men Who Called Him Monster" came in second. Garcia's artwork was incredible. I haven't seen artwork this good since the early days of CREEPY. One thing I didn't expect to see and was very pleased by was the summation of Mr. Morison's speech in the 1971 Comics.

BOB PRANA  
Seywille, N.J.



Thanks, Ray, and we'll relay the message to Garcia.

Was detective Alex Richards in "The Men Who Called Him Monster" in CREEPY #43 supposed to resemble actor Sidney Poitier?

RENE FLORES  
Corpus Christi, Texas



Not really, Rene. According to writer Don McGregor's script, Richards was described to the artist as "black, in his late twenties and . . . like one of those classic Gialli Hemmish-school types, although he has a lot more humanity than most of his ilk."

I'm thinking of swearing off CREEPY for good. Want to know why? CREEPY is getting worse! What ever happened to stories about witches? I have not read a good one in years. And what about vampires? There hasn't been a decent vampire story out of CREEPY in some time. And another thing, out of the Science Fiction. What ever happened to the good old days when you featured stories about robots and vampires? Your covers are junky. Get back to doing covers like the one on CREEPY #19. Wake up, Uncle CREEPY!

RONNIE B.  
Raytown, N.J.

I'd like to make some observations in general, CREEPY is much better than Cousin what's his name's magazine. Vampires has a lot going for her however! Had to write about CREEPY #43 as "The Mark of Satan's Claw" was beautiful "The Men Who Called Him Monster" had good art and a message but I'll be damned if I know what that message is.

PAUL KOCORUK  
Chicago, Ill.



What's Vampirella got going for her besides a face that would stop a truck?

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw CREEPY #43. It was fantastic. Erns and Vampirella don't even come close.

LEONARDO PRETTI  
Hollywood, Calif.

## CREEPY FAN CLUB? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?



FULL  
COLORS



JUST WHAT ALL YOU L'VE COMED HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR! AN 8x10 FULL COLOR print of your favorite story, UNCLE CREEPY by that master of the macabre, FRANK FRANKITA, available for only \$5.95. Plus 50% OFF! Plus, full color and glossy cardstock, and the beautiful MEMBERSHIP CARD printed on strong high quality paper stock with your own personal contact at it.

### CREEPY FAN CLUB

P.O. Box 420

Warren Hill Station

New York, N.Y. 10014

Dear Creepy: Please let a member have my \$1.25.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



One of the many classic shots from "The Men Who Called Him Monster," superbly illustrated by Luis Garcia and written by Donald McGregor. As most of the letters on these two pages refer to the price, we asked author McGregor to do some summing up for us on the story.

## THE STORY BEHIND "THE MEN WHO CALLED HIM MONSTER!"

The author of "The Men Who Called Him Monster" comments on the story behind the story. As I was writing "The Men Who Called Him Monster," I imagined voices raised in discussion. Hopefully, this will be a mutually realistic. I imagined readers asking, "Does McGregor really think discussion is all that useful?" In answer to that, let me make my reply perfectly clear. Of course not! His observations made by Alex Richards were not intended to represent a complete perspective. His comments are only one facet of the story. They were not meant as absolutes. Hippie comments have

had their plus traits mixed all over the cinema so what's a little discussion in the can? Actually, the purpose of the story was to reveal the different aspects passing relationships have as people.

Those of you who wished Richards had been more of a good stone out, all I can tell you, Dude, is that there are only so many things you can do in a 14-page story. Besides, compassion has always been a better go-around for me the straight forward. At any rate, the story sought for an emotional response. If it made you reevaluate your position on any of the topics it touched, then it succeeded.

—DON MCGREGOR

## WRITE THE CREEPY! CLAR UNCLE CREEPY

c/o Warren Publishing Co.  
145 East 23rd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10010

THE BEAST, LAST SEEN ON LEVEL 3, IS BELIEVED TO BE SOMEBODY ON LEVEL 4 OR 5. SLOANEY HOPKINS (2) WENT UP TO A DESTINATION UNKNOWN TO ANY OF OUR SOURCES AT THIS TIME.

WE WOULD ALL RESIDENTS OF ALL QUARTERS ON LEVELS 2 THROUGH 12 TO REMAIN INSIDE. UNTIL THE CREATURE IS LOCATED AND EITHER CAPTURED OR DEFEATED, ALL BUILDING ALL RESIDENTS, LEVELS 2 THROUGH 12, REMAIN IMPRISONED.



THUS FAR ALL ATTEMPTS TO CURB THE CREATURE HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL, THOUGH THE AUTHORITIES HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE ...



AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM BUT WHOSE CHILD? AND WHOSE SHALL HE LEAD THEM?

# WHAT ROUGH BEAST

ART BY FRANK DEUNER / STORY BY JAN S. STRAND

A YOUNG WOMAN SITS QUIETLY READING POETRY  
ALONE TO HERSELF TO BREAK THE MONO...





WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? IT'S TAKEN ME MONTHS TO FIND YOU. I FORGAVE YOU, YOU KNOW, SOON AFTERWARDS, IT WAS JUST THE SHOCK...

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT, MICHAEL. MUCH MORE!



THEN TELL ME EVERYTHING.



IF YOU INSIST BUT THEN YOU MUST GO FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.

AND GARY'S VOICE, HUFFLED BY THE DARKNESS, GUIDED MICHAEL TO A PLACE HE HAD NEVER SEEN, A PLACE SPOKEN OF ONLY IN WHISPERS. HE SAW THE SCENE IN HIS MIND AS GARY SPOKE...



I WAS EXPLODING THE LOWEST LEVELS OF THE CITY THOSE DAYS DURING THE CENTURY WAR. I HAD NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE ... I KNEW IT WAS FORBIDDEN.

IT WAS DARK, A FEW LIGHTS WERE BURNING BUT MOST WERE OUT. THE BUILDINGS WERE IN RUIN, THOUGH THEY MIGHT HAVE ONCE BEEN BEAUTIFUL, AND THEY WERE MUCH TALLER THAN ANYTHING WE HAVE HERE.

I WANDERED THROUGH THE STREETS, HARRON AND HINDING, BUT I NEVER LOST MY DIRECTION. THE PLACE WAS OMINOUS, AS THE STORIES SAY, BUT ALSO SOMEHOW SO LOWLY.



I SAW A MAN, HE WAS OLD, EXTREMELY OLD,  
AND HE WAS SHOOTING SOMETHING BUT I COULDN'T  
MAKE OUT THE WORDS, I WALKED OVER TO HIM.



LEAVE! GO AWAY! YOU AREN'T  
WANTED HERE! HE DOESN'T LIKE  
PEOPLE DOWN HERE!

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN? NOT  
WANTED BY  
WHOM? I THOUGHT  
NO ONE LIVED IN  
THE LOWEST LEVELS.

NO ONE BUT ME  
AND THE DEMOGORGON!  
I WAIT FOR HIM TO WARN  
IF HE COMES OUT! LEAVE  
WHILE YOU CAN!

HE KEPT SHOOTING AT ME BUT HE  
WAS OBVIOUSLY INSANE. I WALKED ON.



THE LIGHTS GAVE MORE SPACE THE FARTHER  
I WENT, I BELIEVE I ENTERED A POORER  
SECTION OF THE CITY, FOR THE BUILDINGS SEEMED  
OLDER, DARKER, MORE DECAYED THAN THE OTHERS.

I BEGAN TO HEAR FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME... SIFT PADDING FOOTSTEPS LIKE THOSE OF AN ANIMAL. I REMEMBERED THE OLD MAN'S WARNING!



I BECAME AFRAID AND STARTED RUNNING! THE FOOTSTEPS QUICK ENDED AND FOLLOWED ME.



I TURNED DOWN AN ALLEYWAY, HOPING TO HIDE.



TOO LATE I REALIZED IT WAS A DEAD END!



I SAW WHAT HAD BEEN FOLLOWING ME. IT WAS A HUGELIONELIKE BEAST, BUT WITH FEATURES LIKE THOSE OF A MAN AND YET NOT A HUMAN FACE AT ALL. IT WAS MORE LIKE A DEVIL OR A DEMON THAN AN ANIMAL.

IT WALKED TOWARDS ME VERY SILENTLY. ITS EYES PRACTICALLY GLOWED IN THE DARKNESS.

I FELT ITS COARSE FUR PRESS AGAINST ME. I FELT ITS WEIGHT, A FEELING LIKE LUNING AS IT TOUCHED ME, AND I Fainted.

WHEN I AWOKE IT WAS GONE.

I MADE MY WAY BACK ALONG THE STREETS, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG I HAD BEEN UNCONSCIOUS.

ALONG THE WAY I PALLED THE BODY OF THE OLD MAN.

FOR WEEKS THOUGHTS OF THE CREATURE MADE SLEEP IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME. I COULDN'T TELL ANYONE. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED ME.



WHEN I FOUND I WAS PREGNANT, I TOLD YOU, YOU GOT MAD, AND I COULDN'T TELL YOU THE NEXT YOU'D THINK I WAS LYING. I HUNG MYSELF AWAY WAS THE EASIEST SOLUTION.







THE BEAST WAS IN NO HURRY AS IT RETURNED TO THE DREAMING. IT WOULD BE BACK SOON WITH ITS SON TO WALK AMONG THE RAGE OF MAN, AND THINGS WOULD BEGIN TO CHANGE. THE DEMOGORGAN WAS COMFORTED, SATISFIED...FOR ITS HOUR HAD COME AROUND AT LAST.



THAT'S A  
STORY TO GET YOU  
POUNDERING PATRIOTISM!  
ROSEMARY NEVER HAD IT SO BAD!

# TARGOS

IN THE ANCIENT TIMES BEFORE THE  
FLOOD, WHEN THE STORM GODS RULED MAN...

THE  
GODS  
WERE  
BOUGHT  
A HERO  
TO  
RECLAIM  
HER  
STOLEN  
AMULET  
OF  
POWER.

ANCIENT BEYOND YEARS, SHE TOOK MANY  
LOVERS WHO REMAINED TO SERVE HER IN  
OTHER FORMS. IT WAS THEY WHO FOUND  
TARGOS, STORM CAST UPON THE BEACH.

PATIENCE, DEARTS.  
HE MAY JOIN YOU YET.



ONLY TWO YOUTHS STILL STAND.

LOOK! A  
DEMON FROM  
THE SEA!

KILL  
HIM!

TADGOS BECOMES A DEMON  
INDIVIDUAL...

YOU CAN KILL  
ONLY CHILDREN,  
EH?

THE WARRIORS FLEE.

LOOK AT  
THEM RUN,  
OF THE  
VILLAGES OF CHILDREN!

THOSE  
WERE QUEEN  
CYRILE'S  
AWARINGS...  
SHE HAS  
SEIZED OUR  
LANDS AND  
KILLED OUR  
PARENTS.

THE PEOPLE  
ARE TERRIFIED OF  
HER SINCE SHE  
GAINED THE  
AMULET OF  
POWER.

WE  
ESCAPED  
TO THE SEA,  
HOPING TO  
SIGNAL AN  
ARMY BUT  
... (SOS) ...

OF  
ALL THE  
PRINCES,  
ONLY LAXTOR  
AND I ESCAPED  
WITH OUR  
LIVES.

SHE MUST HUNT US  
DOWN AND DESTROY US.  
ONLY BODAC OF GAIN  
AND I, LAXTOR OF  
MUD, STAND IN  
HER WAY.

AND I, THGOS! THE THREE OF  
US WILL DESTROY THIS WITCH  
QUEEN AND YOU EACH WILL BE  
KING IN YOUR OWN LAND.

AND AT THAT MOMENT IN QUEEN CYRILE'S THRONE  
ROOM...

YOU FOOLS... PRINCES  
LAXTOR AND BODAC  
STILL ALIVE?

SHAME YOU... YES... TO  
FEED THE DEMONS THAT  
GUARD OUR COASTS!  
TAKE THEM AWAY!

AND BEYOND CHOICE,  
KING, BANISHED FROM  
KAR THE MOUNTAIN  
STRONGHOLD OF THE  
STARROAD, PROCEEDS TO  
KILL POYSON IN HIS...

YOUR  
MAJESTY...  
IT WAS THE  
SEA DRAGON.

A BLOOD  
GIANT WHO  
SLAY US LIKE  
CHILDREN.

WE  
COULD NOT  
FIGHT HIS  
DEMON  
POWER...  
SLAY US...

AT THE GATE OF DIO STANDS A FAMILIAR  
 FIGURE, NOW MUCH CHANGED FROM THE DAYS  
 WHEN KIKKI KOREN HUM.



PAST THE GATEKEEPER,  
 SHE TRENDS THE  
 CORRIDORS OF GODS  
 YET TO BE BORN...



... WHO MAY SOMEDAY RULE THE  
 WORLD WHEN THE STARGODS DIE!



QUITE ANOTHER VISION ENTICELLS THE WITCH QUEEN  
 CYBILLE.



HE AND  
 THE TWO  
 PRINCES ARE  
 MORTAL  
 THREATS  
 TO YOUR  
 RULE,  
 MAGNIFICENCE.

LET US SEND OUT OUR  
 WARRIORS... AND PUT AN  
 END TO THIS THREAT  
 WHILE THEY ARE STILL  
 WEAK AND  
 VULNERABLE.

I AGREE,  
 MY QUEEN.

WITHIN A FEW DAYS, TARBOD,  
 LACTOR AND KIKKOR HAVE  
 GATHERED TOGETHER ALL THE  
 YOUNG PEOPLE AVAILABLE BY  
 THE SUBURBS AWAY.

YOU SO  
 BOY AND  
 GIRLS ARE  
 ALL THAT  
 REMAIN.

BUT TOGETHER WE  
 CAN DESTROY THE  
 WITCH QUEEN WITH  
 THE GODS' HELP  
 AND PLACE THE TWO  
 KINGS ON THEIR  
 DESERVED THRONES.

THEY TRIN FROM SANGERS TO  
 GUNNET, THEIR MISTRESS OF THE  
 GUNN FRYING THEM ON.



NO.  
 THAT WOULD  
 BE TOO  
 EASY. I WILL  
 MAKE THIS  
 MAGNIFICENT  
 DEATH IN MY  
 OWN WILL...  
 AND FOR  
 MY OWN  
 PURPOSES.



I WILL  
 SWEEP YOU  
 INTO A FORCE OF  
 WARRIORS THAT  
 WILL TEACH THE  
 QUEEN FEAR.







YOUR TRAINING HAS MADE DANGEROUS WARRIORS OF YOU ALL. THE QUEEN WILL TREMBLE WHEN SHE SEES YOU. NOW, I WILL GO AHEAD TO SEE IF I CAN CAPTURE THE ANGLER AS I PROMISED MY BELOVED, KIRKE.

KIRKE? AND YOU? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT...?



I HAVE HEARD OF HER MANY LOVERS BUT I AM NOT AFRAID.

I LOVE HER AND I WILL GAIN THE ANGLER, PARTWELL!

THE SEA CLIFF ROUTE TAKES EVEN THOUGH STRENGTH HE IS UNWAKE OF THE WITCH QUEEN'S GUARDIANS.



WHAT IS THAT SLITHERING SOUND?



MY MASHROUNT ANIMAL, HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW THE FORCES AGAINST YOU. LOOK! HE CHOOSES THE SEA CLIFF ROUTE.

THE SEA AIR IS TORN WITH THE SCREAM OF THE MONSTER.



A GANOID!



THE GANOID LUNGES FOR A QUICK KILL, THOUGH GRIPS HIS BLADE, KNOWING HIS LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD.

GET TO FORCE HIS LIMBS OPEN.



SLOWLY HE FORCES THE GANOID'S JAW OPEN, WAITING FOR HIS CHANCE...

IF I CAN JUST FORCE HIS JAW.

JUST ANGLE BREADTH NOW.

NOW JUMP.



TARZO'S TIMING IS SPILT - SECOND.

I'M FREE!



THE GANOID TURNS ON TARGOOS.

ONLY MY SWORD CAN SAVE ME!

TARROO! SAVED IS LIKE A THING ALIVE! THE GANDOP SLEEPS CRIMSON GORE ON THE ROCKS AND JUST AS IT SEEMS...



...THAT TARROO WILL DESTROY THE SEAST, EVIL SATHANA INTERVENES.



GOODBYE, TARROO. NO ONE WILL HAVE KISS IF I CANNOT; YOU SHALL BE FOOD FOR THE GANDOP. HA, HA, HA.



BUT EVEN GODS ARE NOT OMNIPOTENT. A FLIGHT OF DEADLY ARROWS...



THE GANDOP SHEDS ITS DEATH DRY, ITS BLOOD SPATTERING THE UNCONSCIOUS TARROO.



THE WITCH QUEEN'S WARDENS APPEAR BY MAGIC.



HE'S STILL ALIVE! SEIZE HIM!

WHILE SATHANA MUST ANSWER FOR HIS MESSING.



YOU ARE A FOOL, SATHANA. NOW THAT HE HAS SURVIVED, BY OUR LAWS HE MAY CALL UPON ME FOR A FAVOR, OUT OF MY SIGHT, SUNDLER.

THE UNCONSCIOUS TARROO IS BROUGHT BEFORE QUEEN CYRILLA.



HE IS BEAUTIFUL. I MUST HAVE HIM.

MY CRAFT WILL BRING HIM TO MY FEET KISS.

TEND HIS WOUNDS WHILE I PREPARE A SPECIAL DINNER FOR HIM.



YES, MAJESTY.

LATER, TARGOS, SURROUNDED BY CYBELE'S HANDMAIDENS, TAKES REFRESHMENT, UNAWARE THAT HIS CUP HAS BEEN POISONED BY THE WITCH QUEEN.



WHO ARE YOU, WOMAN?

SOON, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN.

BUT YOU LOVE ME DEEPLY. IS IT NOT SO, TARGOS?



AM I TARGOS?

THE ENCHANTED TARGOS LOSES HIMSELF IN CYBELE'S ARMS WHILE SATHANA, WITCHES AND SLUTES.



AFTER MANY EVENINGS OF LOVE, TARGOS DRIFTS AND IN HIS DREAMING HERE COMES FROM THE COUNTRY OF THE.

TARGOS, COME AND RESCUE ME. COME, TAKE MY LOVE.

HOW CAN I COME TO YOU?

YOU HAVE OFFENDED SATHANA'S CURSE. THE LAW SAYS YOU MAY DENY HELP FROM FATHER KROVIS.

I CAN FREE YOUR ASTRAL BODY TO CHALLENGE KROVIS. ARE YOU AFRAID?

THEN FLEE THIS SLEEPING FLESH. THE STARGOBS SIT IN KAIN, SANITING YOUR CHALLENGE.

TARGOS, I AM ENTRAPPED BY THE WITCH QUEEN.



AFRAID I WOULD RISE WITH MYSELF TO WIN YOU.

TARGOS' ASTRAL BODY SLOWS BETWEEN CHORUS AND KAIN IN A HEARTBEAT.



HE CLIMBS THE ENDLESS STAIRS TO CONFRONT THE STARGOBS...SATHANA RAISED AT THE SIGHT...



HE'S FREE!

NO MORTAL BEFORE HIM HAS STRUCK THE GREAT SONG.





RASH MORTAL, DO YOU LOVE LIFE SO LITTLE?

SPEAK BEFORE I SLAY YOU.

DEMAND, MORTAL? BY LAW? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE LAWS OF THE STARSCODS?

I AM TARGOS OF SCORAS. I HAVE COME TO DEMAND YOUR DAUGHTER'S FREEDOM BY YOUR OWN LAWS.



I COULD EASILY SLAY YOU TO A CRIBER WITH A GLANCE OF MY EYE.

BUT I ADMIRE YOUR DARING. I WILL CONSIDER HOW THE LAW MAY HELP YOU.



LET HIM REFLECT ON HIS AUSAQTY IN THE GARDENS WHERE I DECIDE HIS FATE.



TARGOS IS STARTLED BY ANOTHER FIGURE.

IS IT A MORTAL?



HE CAN'T BE A GOD. THE GODS DO NOT AGE.



WHO ARE YOU OLD MAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE GARDEN OF THE STARSCODS?

WHAT? YOU STARTLED ME, STRANGER.



OLD? YES, I AM OLD. BUT I AM NOT A MAN. THERE ARE FEW OF THE OLD GODS LEFT. I AM ONE.



YOU LIE, NOW WAS BUT A MYTH. ONLY THE STARSCODS ARE REAL.

YOU SOBSON  
ME... DO THE  
CHILDREN OF  
MEN FORGET  
SO SOON?

XOR LEADS TARGOS TO A GROVE OF  
TREES WHERE A GIANT SHAPE SLEEPS.

WAKE,  
BROTHER  
JATL...

SHAM

HIS DRINK SO  
DULLED YOUR WISDOM  
OF THE FUTURE  
THAT YOU CANNOT  
TELL ME ABOUT  
THIS BRAVE YOUNG MAN  
WHO HAS  
FORGOTTEN THE OLDER  
GOONS?

I CAN STILL  
SEE THE FUTURE  
OF BOTH  
GOONS AND  
MEN.

THEN TELL ME OF THIS  
TARGOS. I SENSE SOMETHING  
SPECIAL ABOUT HIM...  
SOMETHING OF GOOD AND  
EVIL FOR THE RACE OF  
MEN AND GOONS.

FIRST HE  
MUST KILL THE  
GATEKEEPER WHO  
IS VULNERABLE  
ONLY IN HIS EYE  
BEFORE...

...HE CAN PROVE  
HE IS THE CHAMPION  
WORTHY NAME...  
THEN HE MAY STAY  
THE DEATH OF  
THE STARS.

THEN  
XOR'S  
MUST  
LET  
HIM  
TRY.

MEANWHILE, PRINCES LIXTOR AND KARDON HAVE HEARD OF THE CAPTURE OF  
TARGOS. THEY SET OUT TO RESCUE HIM.

STAY  
BACK THERE...  
A GUARD  
OUTPOST  
AHEAD.

WE MUST  
PROCEED BY  
STEALTH. THEY  
OUTNUMBER US  
BY SCORES.

TARGOS, I CANNOT BREAK MY DECREE OF  
BANNISHMENT. YES, XOR TELLS ME THAT YOU  
ARE THE MAN I HAVE AWAITED. YOU MUST  
RESCUE KIRKE BY YOUR STRENGTH  
ALONE.

YES, MORTAL,  
AND YOU MUST  
PLAY THE GATEKEEPER  
WITH THY SPEAR  
ALONE... I WILL  
WATCH HIM DEVOUR  
YOU WITH  
PLEASURE.

TARGOS IS TRANSPORTED TO DIE IN AN INSTANT.

HOLD, MORTAL. LET ME LOOK AT  
THE WEAK THING KIRKE HAS LEARNED  
TO LOVE.

STAND ASIDE,  
GATEKEEPER, OR  
YOUR BONES  
WILL BLEACH  
ON THE PLAINS  
OF DIE.

WHAT A  
PITY I MUST  
KILL YOU. I  
WOULD ENJOY  
SEEING THE  
ANIMAL YOU  
BECOME WHEN  
KIRKE TIRES  
OF YOUR LOVE.

TARGOS REMEMBERS IKTL'S REMARK THAT THE GATEKEEPER'S VULNERABLE SPOT IS HIS EYE. IN THE FIRST SPLIT SECOND OF COMBAT...



THE GATEKEEPER'S DYING CONVULSIONS SHAKE THE DARK PLAN.



HE SEARCHES THE ENDLESS TUNNELS, THEN...



TARGOS ADVANCES AGAINST THE SLAYERING BEASTS.



THE NIGHTMARE THINGS DIE UNDER HIS SWIFT SWORD.



AT LAST, MY LOVE, YOU ARE FREE - SOON WE WILL BE TOGETHER FOREVER.



PERHAPS NOT FOREVER, MY LOVE - TARGOS, BUT I WILL CHERISH YOU WHILE I CAN.

NOW, TARGOS, YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR BODY IN CHOLK. FREE YOURSELF AND COME TO ME HERE WITH THE ANGLET. TOGETHER WE MAY YET HOLD BACK THE FINAL DAY OF THE STARBOODS...



IS AN INSTANT TARGOS IS  
BACK IN HIS MORTAL BODY  
IN CHAINS.

IT'S NO USE.  
HE IS THROWING  
OFF THE DRUG.

SINCE I HAVE LOST  
YOU, TARGOS, KIRKE  
WILL NOT HAVE YOU  
EITHER.

BUT KIRKE CYBELL'S BLADE CAN  
DECIDE.

THE BOYS SWARM, LIKE DEADLY BEES OVER  
THEM...

STOP THE  
QUEEN.

GIVE UP THE AMULET OF POWER OR  
MY SWORD WILL TASTE YOUR  
SOFT BODY.

ONLY THIS  
AMULET WILL GIVE  
TARGOS THE POWER  
HE NEEDS.

HERE, TARGOS, IT'S  
LONG AS YOU HAVE  
THIS...

KIRKE WILL LOVE YOU. YOU WILL NOT  
SHARE THE FATE  
OF HER  
OTHER LOVERS.

MY ETERNAL  
THINGS LATER  
... TARGOS.

AND TARGOS RETURNS TO  
KIRKE, STRONG IN THE KNOWLEDGE  
OF EVERLASTING LOVE AND HIS  
GREAT DESTINY AS CHAMPION OF  
THE STARGOOS.

NOW, I MUST LEAVE.  
DARK CLOUDS BATHER  
FOR THOSE STARGOOS. NEW  
GOES. KIRKE AND THE  
STARGOOS NEED  
ME AT THEIR  
SIDE.

WE WILL ALWAYS  
BE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT,  
TARGOS. YOU ARE KIRKE'S  
MASTER WITH THE AMULET.

HERE'S A DOGY  
TALE THAT'LL  
TURN YOU TO  
JELLY!

# ...AND HORROR CRAWLS FROM OUT OF THE SEA!

I THINK I FEEL! SENSE  
A STRANGE NEW ELEMENT  
WHICH IS WARM, ALL-EMBRACING  
LIGHT-HEAT FROM A GLOWING  
ORB IN WATERLESS SKIES SUCH  
IS ALIVE IN MY HOMELAND, THE  
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN!

I HAVE CRAWLED FROM THE MUCK  
OF THE SEA BOTTOM TO EXPLORE  
THIS NEW WORLD, THE SURFACE  
OF THE ENDLESS WATERS.  
BUT ALREADY I AM HUNGRY!  
I REQUIRE SUSTenance!

I PULL MY JELLY  
MASS OVER THE HARM  
SAND, THE PRESENCE OF  
AIR FRIGHTENS ME! IT IS  
SOMETHING I HAVE NEVER  
KNOWN. I SLOWLY ADAPT  
MYSELF TO THIS NEW  
TERRAIN.

THEN MY SIGHTLESS  
PROBES INFORM ME OF  
SOME SMALL ANIMAL  
SPRINTING TOWARD ME.  
IT GROWLS.

HOW FORTUNATE I AM TO DISCOVER  
A CARRIER FOR MY MASS, SO SOON  
I FORM AND EXTEND TENTACLES,  
GRASPING THE BEAST FLESHY,  
POISONOUS DEEP FROM THEM WHICH  
ENTER THE PORES OF ITS SKIN.  
THE ANIMAL SQUEALS IN PAIN,  
THEN DIES QUICKLY.

MY CARRIER IS READY! I  
FLOW SMOOTHLY INTO THE  
CORPSE, THROUGH A MILLION  
TINY PORES MY GOZING FORM  
INVADES EVERY LIME, EVERY  
ORGAN, EVERY CELL.

I OVERATE BONES AND NERVES  
BY SENSE, AND THE BEAST  
RIGHTS ITSELF. I PROMISE ITS  
BRAIN AND LEARN I AM A...  
DOG!





GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, BARRY?  
THE FOUR OF US HAVING A SHOWER  
ON YOUR PRIVATE BEACH A CLEAN  
BREAK FROM THE DAILY GRIND  
OF EARNING A LIVING.

GRIND? SINCE WHEN IS  
SITTING AT HOME AND  
WRITING NOVELS AND  
POEMS A GRIND,  
RUSSLAND MINE?



HA, HA  
AREN'T YOU GLAD  
WE BROUGHT OUR  
SWIM SUITS? I  
INCIDENTALLY  
MY WORK AT THE  
BIO-LAB HAS  
BEEN A REAL  
DRAG LATELY.

PLEASE DON'T  
GET STARTED  
ON ANOTHER OF  
YOUR SCIENCE  
LECTURES,  
DEAR.

JUST A SMALL ONE  
JUNE. ON SOMETHING  
FANTASTIC WE  
DISCOVERED IN  
THE LABORATORY.



FOR SOME TIME WE'VE  
KNOWN THAT THE AMOEBA, A ONE-  
CELLED ANIMAL 1/1000" OF AN  
INCH IN SIZE, CAN BE  
PARASITIC.

ABSORB SUBSTANCE FROM CREATURES MUCH LARGER THAN ITSELF YET IT  
NEVER INCREASES IN SIZE. RECENTLY, WE HAVE EXPOSED CERTAIN TYPES  
OF AMOEBAS TO A MIXTURE OF CHEMICALS FOUND RARELY, BUT ONLY  
IN SALT WATER.



IN A WEEK THE AMOEBA  
DOUBLED IN SIZE. MORE-  
OVER, THEIR PARASITIC  
TRAITS SEEMED ENHANCED.  
THEY THRIVE  
WITHIN THE SCOPES OF  
LARGER MICROSCOPIC  
ANIMALS.



CAN'T EVEN STOP  
TALKING ABOUT YOUR  
GERM CONTROL PROJECT,  
CAN YOU?

BARRY, WHAT IF A SELECT GROUP OF THESE AMOEBAS  
HAD BEEN LIVING IN THE SEA FOR CENTURIES,  
CONSTANTLY EXPOSED TO THESE CHEMICALS? IS IT  
POSSIBLE THEY'D HAVE GROWN ENORMOUSLY?

FIGURE A POPE TO COME UP  
WITH SOMETHING SO MACABRE.



ACTUALLY, WADE, SUCH IS NOT  
OUTSIDE THE REALM OF  
POSSIBILITY BUT I  
STRONGLY DOUBT IT.



I SEE WITH THE EYES OF MY CARRIER AND IT IS AN UNCOMFY NEW SENSATION I SHALL LEARN MORE, BUT FIRST I MUST FEED. FOUR CARRIERS LIE ACROSS AN EXPANSE OF WHITE SAND I NEED ONLY ONE FOR THE PRESENT I AM CUNNING I WILL TRY TO LURE ONE AWAY...



IT'S TOBY! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH HIM!

I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK. COME, WADE I MAY NEED YOUR HELP

ALL RIGHT BUT I THINK YOU'RE WORRIED OVER NOTHING. TOBY JUST LIKES TO BARK. THAT'S ALL. YOU MOTHER MAN TOO MUCH!

BURRY BACK, YOU TWO. IT'LL BE DARK SOON

BIG DEAL. CALIFORNIA NIGHTS ARE WARM AND COZY

TOBY! COME TO ME, TOBY!

I SAW HIM RUN INTO THOSE ROCKS. ASKED, WADE!

YOU KNOW, BARRY HAS INSPIRED A POEM IN ME

"AND THE WAVES BEAT A THOUSAND SANDY PAGES ON A DAWNING SHORE. A BIRTH OF TIME... LIFE... SEA..."

TOBY...?

"PEACE, REIGN, AND IS ALL IN A UNIVERSE NAMED UNKNOWING. DROWNING YET CURSE, FOLLOWS CREATION..."

"THE STILLNESS AND PEACE ARE NOW LONG PASSED. LIFE LIVES AND MOVES FROM THE SEA..."

"LIFE ENDS. INNOCENCE, PAIN IS FELT EVERYWHERE AND HORROR CRAWLS FROM OUT THE SEA"

HOWE IT SOUND SHEILA? SHEILA? WHERE ARE YOU?



I SLOWLY DIGEST THE INTERNAL ORGANS OF MY DOG-BODY. IT IS INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO AMBULATE THE EMPTY SHELL WHICH WILL SOON DECAY AND FALL APART. BUT I LURE MY NEW CARRIER INTO THE LOWEST ROCKS. IT REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED ME. I READY MY PSEUDOPODS...



TOBY: POOR BABY  
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?  
YOU LOOK JELLY...



EEEEEE-YAAA..!

SHEILA /  
GOD ALMIGHTY,  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?



ARE YOU  
HERE, SHEILA?  
ANSWER ME,  
ANSWER ME!

OH MY GOD!  
THAT THING  
ON THE  
GROUND...



IT CAN'T BE TOBY!  
NOT THAT DISGUSTING,  
ROTTING SHELL,  
DISSOLVED AS IF  
BY ACID!

OH LORD,  
SHEILA, WHERE  
HAVE YOU  
GONE? WHAT  
IS GOING ON?



BARRY!  
WASN'T THAT...  
A SCREAM  
A FEW  
SECONDS AGO?

SOUNDED LIKE  
SHEILA? STAY  
PUT A MOMENT  
JUNE, WHILE I GO  
TAKE A LOOK.  
THEY'RE PROBABLY  
JUST PUTTING US ON!

I WISH THEY'D GET  
BACK. WE SHOULD  
ALL BE DRIVING  
HOME SOON.



SHEILA?  
SHEILA?

WHY DON'T  
YOU ANSWER  
ME?

HERE I AM,  
WADE, UP  
HERE. FOLLOW  
THE SOUND  
OF MY VOICE.





WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THIS? SUCH A RAPID DECAY IT'S ABNORMAL AND IMPOSSIBLE!

IS SHEILA VICTIM OF SOME NEW DISEASE? OR WAS SHE ATTACKED BY SOME BEAST WHICH KILLED AND THEN FED OFF HER. A LEECH?



I URGE MY NEW, MORE POWERFUL CARRIER THROUGH THE DARKNESS WHICH HAS REPLACED THE SKY-LIGHT MY HUNGER SEEMS MAGNIFIED IN THIS SURFACE LAND I LEECH OFF THE INSIDES OF THE CARRIER, AND KNOW I SHALL NEED A NEW ONE SOON I FOLLOW THE URGE OF A SMALL PATCH OF LIGHT, AND ANOTHER OF THE STRIKE ANIMALS CALLS TO ME.



MADE! WHERE'S YOUR SHEILA? DID YOU LEAVE HER OUT THERE?

SPEAK UP, BARRY! THIS IS NO JOKE, DID YOU RUN AWAY FROM BARRY?



WHY DON'T YOU.

YOUR EYES! YOUR EYES!



BARRY! BARRY!

I'M COMING, JUNE! HOLD ON!





ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JUNE? WHAT HAPPENED?

IN WADE... I WAS WALKED TOWARD ME AND... AND FELL APART? HE TURNED INTO... THAT?



DEAR GOD! THIS... WALADY... HAS TAKEN HIM AS WELL! I DISCOVERED SHEILA IN THE SAME STATE AMONG THE ROCKS.

IT'S HORRIBLE! LIKE LOSING TWO RELATIVES!

FORGET THEM, DARLING! YOU STILL HAVE ME! LET'S ENJOY THIS LONELY BEACH.



WHAT? HOW CAN YOU TALK LIKE THAT WHEN...

JUNE! YOUR FACE...

THE BARRY-CARRIER PUSHES ME BACK IN SURPRISE. I EXTEND PSEUDO-PODS WHICH GROPE FOR HIM, BUT MY SENSE OF BALANCE IN THIS UNFAMILIAR FORM IS LOST. I TOPPLE HELPLESSLY INTO THE POOL OF LIGHT-HEAT I SENSE PAIN.



JUNE! OH MY LORD!



MY CARRIER SWELL IS BURNED AWAY. LIGHT-HEAT TOUCHES MY NAKED MASS AND I FEEL PAIN MORE PAIN THAN EVER MY GELATINOUS BODY SOBS SILENTLY AS IT EVAPORATES. I KNOW I AM DYING...

GOOD LORD! IT'S SOME KIND OF SLOB! NO... AN AMOEBA! GIANT AMOEBA!

THE BLOB IS DEAD! DIS-INTEGRATED.

MUST HAVE INHABITED THE BODIES OF WADE, SHEILA, MY WIFE! AND FED OFF THEM, LIKE THE PARASITIC ANGELAS IN MY LAB!

WADE'S THEORY MUST HAVE BEEN CORRECT: RARE SALT WATER CHEMICALS IN AN UNEXPLORED PART OF THE OCEAN ATTRACTED A MICROSCOPIC ANIMAL, MAKING IT A MONSTER.

IF ONLY I'D KNOWN THE BOOMER, JUNE AND MY CLOSEST FRIENDS MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED.

HUNNA?

I CRAWL THE MILLIONS OF MY LONG-DIVIDED MASS CRAWL FROM THE GENTLE SEA WATERS AND SHARM ONTO LAND. A PART OF US HAS DIED, BUT NOT BEFORE SUMMONING MY NUMBERLESS BODY-BROTHERS. LONG HAVE WE SEARCHED FOR A LAND WITH A GREATER SUPPLY OF SUSTNANCE. OUR SCOUT FOUND THIS. WE ARE FORTUNATE, OUR MASS SENSES FOOD AND LIFE...



NOT EXACTLY AN IDEAL SPOT FOR A BEACH PARTY. HUN, LANDLUBBERS! WHAT A BOTTEN WAY TO ROT.

End



SHIPPING...







WELCOME, HORROR AFicionados!! HOW THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THIS STORY CAME INTO MY POSSESSION IS NOT IMPORTANT! BUT, THAT IT WAS SCRIBBLED WITH TACED INK, ON PARACHUT TISSUE - ADDED TO LITTERED DECRYPTURE, IN THE THOUGH NO SIGNATURE IN THAT CRAMMED SCRIPT WAS FOUND TO ENCLOSE ITS CREATOR, I HAVE KEPT THE TITLE INTACT FOR ALL YOU PURVITS!!

HE COMES...  
HE COMES!!  
HURRY TO YOUR  
HOMES!!!

LOCK  
YOUR DOORS  
SHUTTER YOUR  
WINDOWS....

# FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR CHILDREN!



HE'S  
GUN??!

BEGONE!!  
MORCANT  
CHATTERING OF YOUR  
PEASANT TONGUE  
RWAHS MY  
TEMPER!!!

BEGONE,  
I SAY!!!



**SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS!!! THEY TREAT IGNORANCE AS THOUGH IT WERE A VIRTUE!!!**

**I CAN FEEL THEIR EYES BURNING DOWN ON ME...THEY RAGE AT ME, AND TALKY TALKY I DON'T KNOW THE REASON!!**



**THAT HE WAS CREATED TO BE LOATHED, HE DESERVED!!... THEN, WITH CRIMSON FLAMES BURNING DEEP WITHIN HOLLOWED SOCKETS, AND THE FIREBRAND OF ANGER TEMPERED HOT, HE SPOKE...**

**FOR THE SINS OF MY FATHER, AND HIS BEFORE HIM, YOU HAVE BRANDED ME...YOU PACK OF SIMPLE MINNED FOOLS!!!**

**ESSENTLY YOU ARE, AND IT IS ESSENTLY YOU SHALL ALWAYS REMAIN!!**

**I, LERON VON MORDA, SHALL RETURN FOR THE MOON LEVIED THIS QUARTER... TO COLLECT THE VILLAGE PAYMENTS!!!**



**REMEMBER, LEST YOU FORGET...I RETURN FOR THE MOON PAYMENTS!!!**



**NEVER HAVE I SEEN A CRIP AS POOR AS THE ONE WE SHALL BEAR TWO DECADES I BELIEVE SHALL WE DO... I FEAR VON MORDA'S WRATH!!!**



**WE MUST GIVE OUR HONOURABLE WISDOM, AND HEED HIS WORDS!**

**NEVER WAS IT THE REVELATION OF THE BLINDS TO SPEAK OF THEIR SECRET FEARS... LEAVING THE YOUTH TO FEAR WITHOUT REASON. THIS GREAT DEBARK OF THE NAME "VON MORDA" HARBORED IN THEIR MINDS SINCE EARLIEST RECALL... SINCE MORE INSTINCTIVE AND LESS SUBJECTIVE TO THIS, THEY ALSO SOUGHT AN ANSWER...**



**YOU COME AND ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS, MANY I CANNOT ANSWER... BUT, OF THE SHADOWS AND GHOSTS, THERE IS MUCH I CAN TELL!!**



**I REMEMBER WELL, THE WORDS STILL RING IN MY EARS, AND START THE MIND TO CLARITY... THE VON MORDA CLIGHT!!!**

**IT WAS AT A TIME WHEN THE HAPPY VOICES, THE SINGING, AND THE LAUGHTER, WERE STILL - BORN IN THE THROCK OF WAR; CHILDREN WERE MARKING FROM THE STREETS... ONLY TO BE FOUND DEAD THE FOLLOWING MORNING!!**



LONG DID WE RUN IN  
QUEST OF THAT RUSSIAN  
WARRIOR... THAT  
EMBODIMENT OF EVIL  
WHICH BOTTLED THE  
SOUL OF OUR VILLAGE...

...UNTIL, AMONG THE  
ALABASTINE ROOMS OF  
ANCISTORE'S CAST...

IT IS TRUE... I AM  
AS THE ONE!!

NOO! PROBABLY  
IT IS ALL A  
MISTAKE!!  
WINDOOL!!

THE STAGES  
THE STAGES!!

COULD THE STONES BE  
GIFTED WITH SPIRITS,  
THEY WOULD RELATE THE  
STRANGE RITUAL OF  
THAT NIGHT!!

A RITUAL THAT WOULD  
LAUNCH THAT  
ASTEROID SOME  
FROM THE BARRIERS OF  
MELANSTAY!!

SLIP  
THAT SLIPPER  
DEEPER!!

AAAAA!!!  
FEEEEE!!!

HEY,  
WINDOOL!!

CROSH!!

THERE, IT IS  
DONE!! ANOTHER AGAIN  
WALL BE PLACED  
US!!

WITH THE BRICK AND TOWER  
ENTOMBED IN SEPARATE  
SECTIONS... THE ACT WAS  
COMPLETE!!

HEY,  
WINDOOL!!  
YOU MUST!!

WINDOOL!!  
WINDOOL!!... THAT  
WAS THE CLASH  
OF THE SON  
NORDA!!

WINDOOL!!  
WINDOOL!!

WHO WAS THAT  
DEMON!! HIS  
FATHER...  
BANDWATER!!





**SECRET DOOR UNCH**

THE BROOM OF ANCIENT DARS...THE  
MISTY SOUNDS OF THWISTING BODALPROMATE  
THE 9-TILL 1000T JUT...

VENGEANCE,  
SHALL BE MINE THIS  
NIGHT!!

COME, HIGH!  
TODAY WE  
COURT  
DEATH!!!

A PAIR  
HASTENED  
FOR THE  
UNDEAD!!!





COME...WE  
MUST RESCUE  
THE CASTLE...PERHAPS  
THESE NEW ARMED  
YO BE DEALT WITH  
THIS NIGHT!

HOLD THE TORCH SLOW;  
YES, BLACK OPPRESSORS...  
AND THEY ARE  
FIGHTING IT

Come... the  
 Follow...

**HELPUIT...**  
WHY DON'T YOU  
AND I WAIT  
UNTIL WE FOR THE  
OTHERS ?

WHAT  
AND THE  
BANDS  
CONSIDER  
MAYBE.

THE TRAIL  
LEADS BEHIND  
THAT POWER HOUSE  
THE TORCH, WE  
WILL LOOK AT

BY THE HALF-LIGHT OF A FLICKERING  
TORCH, TWO FIGURES ARE SEEN TO DESCEND  
THE DARK STONE WALLS....

WITH OTT  
HUNDREDS OF  
THOUSANDS OF  
SEATING  
EVEN MORE

HURRY... EVERYONE  
OUTSIDE!! THEY ARE  
ATTACKING!!

**PLANNING**







AS PATCHES OF LIGHT BREAK THE  
HALL OF DARKNESS IN THE  
FIELDS BEYOND...

THEY COME!!  
THE MEN  
RETURN!!!



COME...  
WE JUST OPEN  
THE BATTLE



HURRY, WOMEN!!  
THIS NIGHT HAS BEEN  
LONG, AND WE  
ARE WITH  
HUNGER!!!



NOOO! GOT SPARE US!  
WAAAAOOOOO!

WELL, DEAD BEASTS... SOME ARE  
WRITTEN, WHILE FATE TIES OTHERS A  
ROTTER HAND! MYSELF, I'M QUITE  
HAPPY AT THIS UNEXPECTED TON  
OF EVENTS!!

THE  
END



HERE'S A STORY TO WARM THE COCKLES OF YOUR HEART... ONE THAT OPENS THE DOORS TO THE...

# DUNGEONS of the SOUL

THE FIRE OF A THOUSAND FURNACES COULD NOT WARM YOU NOW, I FEAR. IT IS YOUR SOUL THAT IS COLD. WHERE IS THE MOORLUS I KNEW AS A CHILD? WHERE IS THE GOOD AND GENTLE FRIEND I EXPECTED TO FIND WHEN I RETURNED AFTER SO MANY YEARS?

YOU ARE ARE MY GUEST, ADRIANE, AND I AM KING. YOU TRY MY PATIENCE.

IT IS STRANGE TO HEAR YOU SPEAK THAT WAY TO ME! IF YOU WERE OLD AND WRETCHED, IT WOULD BE ANOTHER MATTER! BUT YOU ARE YET YOUNG — YOUR WORDS SHOULD BE FULL OF LOVE AND HOPE... YOUR EYES SHOULD SPARKLE, YOUR SOUL SHOULD BURN WITH BRAVE AND NOBLE IDEALISM, WHERE ~~IS~~ YOUR SOUL, MOORLUS? HAS IT BEEN RIPPED UNTIMELY FROM YOUR BREAST? HAVE GREED AND LUST FOR POWER DEVoured THE VALUES YOU ONCE SO DEEPLY CHERISHED?

ENOUGH! I AM FAR TOO BUSY TO BE BOTHERED BY YOUR SILLY PHILOSOPHI-ZING! GO!



I WILL GO, MORDRUS! I HAVE NO DESIRE TO SPEAK WITH YOU. I WOULD ONLY LIKE TO SPEAK AGAIN WITH THE MORDRUS I ONCE KNEW!

NO! I WILL NOT NEED HER! I HAVE LONG SINCE BEEN SET FREE FROM THE AGONIES THAT SENSITIVITY AND GENTLENESS BRINGS! SHOULD I WEAR MY HEART ON MY SLEEVE, AS A TARGET? SHOULD I OFFER MY SOUL IN A DRINKING CUP TO ALL THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE IT? THOSE DAYS AND TIMES ARE FAR BEHIND ME, AND CAN NEVER BE RECLAIMED! NOW VULNERABLE WE ARE IN OUR DAYS OF HONESTY, WHEN WE SEEK TO SHOW THE LOVE IN OUR UNSTAINED SOULS TO A WORLD THAT WANTS NO PART OF SUCH THINGS! AND NOW SECURE WE ARE WHEN WE AT LAST SURRENDER, TO CONCEAL OURSELVES WITHIN OUR WALLS OF BONE AND FLESH!



BUT ENOUGH OF SUCH THINGS! LUPUS! LUPUS!



THUD TO THE PRISONER, LUPUS! TAKE TO HIM FOOD AND WATER!

YES MASTER!



SO — A PRISONER IN THE CASTLE OF KING MORDRUS! IN DAYS OF OLD, IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO!

BRING THE TRAY AND THE KEYS TO THE DUNGEON TO ME, LUPUS! I SHALL FEED THE PRISONER TONIGHT!



YES MY LADY!

HOW INHUMAN TO KEEP A LIVING  
MAN ENTORIBED IN SUCH A PLACE!  
SOON I SHALL SEE WHAT MANNER  
OF PRISONER ADRIANUS DEEMS  
DESERVING OF SUCH TREATMENT!



PRISONER!  
I HAVE BROUGHT  
YOUR DINNER!



AAH! HEEEEEEEE!



ADRIANUS!  
SO YOU  
HAVE COME  
FOR ME  
AT LAST



WHILE IN  
ANOTHER  
PART OF  
THE  
CASTLE



ARRGGHHH!

ARRRRAH!  
(GRABS THE PRISONER!)  
I'VE GOT HIM  
FREE! I'M  
SORRY!

FREE? I KNOW IT MUST  
BE SO, FOR I FELT THE  
HORROR RUNNING THROUGH  
MY BLOOD ONLY  
MOMENTS AGO!

NOW I CAN ONLY  
WAIT FOR HIM TO  
SEEK ME OUT AND  
DESTROY  
ME!

BUT WHO IS HE?  
WHAT IS HE?

THAT I DO NOT  
KNOW! I CAN ONLY  
TELL YOU HOW HE  
CAME TO BE —  
WHAT DOES IT  
MATTER, NOW  
THAT HE IS  
FREE?

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER MY  
FATHER DIED, AND I BECAME  
KING, THAT A SORCERER CAME  
TO THIS CASTLE! HE WAS  
CALLED GILGORE, IN RETURN  
FOR MY HOSPITALITY, HE  
OFFERED TO GRANT ME  
ONE WISH THROUGH  
HIS SORCERY.

SO I ASKED  
HIM TO WORK  
SORCERY ON  
ME.

WHEN I  
WAS IN THE  
GUARD'S HANDS  
LEAVING A  
PRISONER  
FROM THE  
ROOM, HE  
APPEARED  
IN THE  
DUNGEON  
TO ME, AND  
SAID THAT  
HE HAD  
THE POWER  
TO DO THIS,  
AND HE  
WAS  
SURE.

A WISH  
VERY WELL  
THAT! LET  
ME LIVE  
WITHOUT  
SUFFERING!  
HA, HA!

I HAVE GIVEN A PRISONER TO  
YOUR GUARDS! DO NOT  
QUESTION ME! AS LONG  
AS HE REMAINS YOUR  
PRISONER, YOU WILL LIVE  
WITHOUT SUFFERING! THAT  
IS ALL THAT NEED  
BE DONE!



Suddenly...



AAAHHEEE!



MEANWHILE, MODRUS HAS MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

CRASSIUS! THE CAPTAIN  
OF MY GUARDS! DID THE  
PRISONER DEFEAT YOU  
THUS?

GASP! YOUR MAJESTY! HE DID NOT  
DEFEAT ME! HE DID NOT EVEN STRIKE  
ME! I SAW HIM GOING TOWARD YOUR  
THRONE ROOM! I TRIED TO STOP  
HIM, BUT I COULD NOT! HIS  
MAGIC OVERWHELMED ME! I-I-

THE THRONE ROOM!  
CRASSIUS, YOU FOON!  
ADRIANNE IS IN THERE!

MODRUS! NO!  
DO NOT HARM  
HIM!

WHAT A STRANGE  
FORCE MOTIVATES ME!  
I YEARN TO DEFEAT  
THE PRISONER, TRUE,  
BUT DO I ONLY PRETEND  
THAT I FEAR FOR  
ADRIANNE? OR DO I  
FEAR ONLY FOR MY  
OWN SAFETY?

PRISONER! WE ARE  
FACE TO FACE AT LAST!

SO! YOU HAVE  
BETRAYED ME FOR  
A DEMON,  
ADRIANNE!

HE IS NOT EVIL!



NO, MODRUS! YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOURSELF AS DOES EVERY MAN! YOU CALL ME A DEMON, BUT DO YOU NOT KNOW--IT IS THE GOODNESS IN OUR HEARTS THAT WE LOOK AWAY FROM VIEW!



HOW MANY TIMES MUST OUR TRUST BE BETRAYED BEFORE WE LEARN NOT TO TRUST? HOW MANY TIMES MUST OUR LOVE BE REJECTED BEFORE WE LEARN NOT TO LOVE? HOW MANY TIMES MUST OUR SENSITIVITY AND OUR GENTLENESS BE RIDICULED AND SPURNED, BEFORE WE LEARN TO LOCK THESE THINGS INSIDE OURSELVES? SO WHEN THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH ARE PAST, OUR IDEALISM PASSES ALSO, AND WE BECOME HOLLOW SHELLS OF WHAT WE WERE!

IT IS EASIER THAT WAY, IS IT NOT, MODRUS? IT ALLOWS US TO LIVE WITHOUT SUFFERING, EN?



WHO ARE YOU?!



DO YOU KNOW NOT KNOW?



NO, BUT I SHALL KNOW!





YES, MORRIS! I AM YOU! I AM THE LOVE THAT WAS TORN FROM YOUR HEART BY THE SORCERY OF OLGOR! ONLY ONE SHINING HOPE KEPT ME ALIVE THROUGHOUT THESE MANY LONG MONTHS--THAT ADRIANNE WOULD RETURN AND FREE ME! I KNOW THAT ONLY SHE COULD FREE THE LOVE YOU HAD SOUGHT TO IMPRISON!

OH MY GOD!



THEN, IN THE SOUL OF MORRIS, A SENTENCE BEGINS TO FORM...

I...I...I...

MORRIS! LET ME HELP YOU!



I LOVE!



I LOVE YOU, ADRIANNE!

THEN, THE PRISONER WAS NO MORE, AND THERE WERE ONLY TWO: A MAN FULL OF LOVE AND SADNESS, AND A WOMAN COMFORTING HIM, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH.

POOR OLD MORRIS... A PRISONER OF LOVE!



THE END

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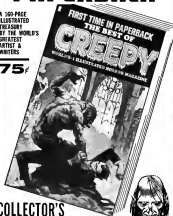
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# CREEPY'S FAN CLUB

## PROFILE: JOSE M. BEA



Self-portrait of artist Jose M. Bea, whose solo chiller "The Picture of Death" appears in this issue on p. 64.

Others built Jose M. Bea has been drawing for CREEPY, Bizarre and Vampirella since Vancouver's #13. His work on "The Silver Third" and "The Plumber's Daughter" in that series was made explicit. (See the feature page of Vampirella #25—ed.)

Like many creative and comic book artists, Bea has some strong feelings about his profession. "I don't care for the professionals who dish out comic art as if it's a badge for the triangle and nothing more." He believes that artists should be transformed into an artwork all their own. "A good comic artist has a much greater chance of affecting the public than a painter whose work ends up hanging on the walls of his own house."

Bea is 29 and married. He hopes to someday make his own high quality psychological horror film. "I love the film as it is an art."

Artists whose work Bea admires include Alex Toth, Smith Gosselin and Greg Satterly. "Comic art is comparable to the most noble artist's movements in history."

Besides "The Picture of Death" in this issue, Bea's work is also seen in the current issue of CREEPY #29. He illustrates "Blood Shop."

## REMEMBER YESTERDAY By Tony Bonbright

I told them that I would not be able to accompany them. "The earth is my home," I said. "There was silence for what seemed like a long time. I stared at the three men in their metallic uniforms, visibly, one of them broke the silence, thanking me for my assistance

in repairing their vessel. I gave them a farewell salute and watched, address in my heart, as they climbed on board their ship. Their feet were gone back to me. "Forget it, son for we are no more than memories." Sometime tomorrow I will find of them and their gift after starship come from some small alien planet that exists in yesterday.



Ink sketch of a caped figure scurrying off with a dead female in his arms was done by Canadian art student R. TAYLOR.

## THE COLD EARTH By Edgar Ceylan

The wet earth trembles under the gray and cloudy sky. The earth is muddy and cold. A woman waits under her coat for, afraid of the darkness. The terrible loneliness of death makes her years for the light. The golden sun above the earth. The woman lays there, unable to know the embrace of a summer day. She dreams of her past and a life forgotten, wondering of those who mourn her passing. Are they above the earth now, waiting on the gleam? She cries out, but there is no one to hear. No one ever hears her. The sadness within can hardly be endured. But she will have to wait, like the others, until it is time to burn the lonely earth.

## HYPERD OF HELL By Randy Williams

Great was the how I first got the idea because I don't know it took me a month to do it and another two months just to keep it alive. I was then and only then that I asked Herbie Walters to my lab.

"What is it?" he asked, stopping into the lab.

"A hybrid," I answered. "Part human and part Venus fly trap. I've been working at it about three months now."

"What does it eat?" Herbie asked, asking about.

"Huh? It's part Venus fly trap, remember?"

"Larvae? I think about?"

"No," I answered calmly. "Human meat."

Herbie looked at me as if I was joking. "That's a lousy joke," he said.

"No joke, Herb. Haven't you ever wondered what happened to Bob & Shelia? They were food for my little pet here. I saved them over to see my handwork and told them why do you think I asked you here, Herbie? He was just starting to sweat. I reached for a poker and knocked him against the wall.

It was several hours later and I was alone with my creation. As I dropped water on the leaves, I heard the plant speak, as if with three voices. The voices, of those I had killed. As I started to back off, I heard one's last part of my cry. "Wait! Keep your company." The voices said as I soon found myself from my coat.

Join CREEPY's Fan Club! See p. 5. Besides getting a free issue of CREEPY, you become eligible to send in your art & stories for possible publication on the CREEPY FAN CLUB page!

## THE WOMEN By Jerome Horowitz

Witherson smiled. His work was completed. For months he had worked on the viewer's machine which would enable him to see into either the future or the past, whichever he pleased. He had first read of such a device in an old pulp magazine. The idea intrigued him. He gathered up many books on time travel as he could, drawing on all of his scientific knowledge. As the weeks passed, he worked alone, feverishly, unaware of the outside world. But now his work was over. The viewer was an incredible scientific achievement. By turning a few knobs in the rear of the machine, he saw shadows and then the clear surface of his window. They were spaces in a language he understood was German. Their manner was calm and the allowed Witherson time to translate what they were saying—something about the missing link. The date of his release was around the twenty-fifth century, some fifty thousand years into the future. He turned off the machine and sat in thought. Why would men of the twenty-fifth century talk of the missing link? Had a new missing link been discovered? What if he himself was the missing link of the twenty-fifth century? There was a stupendous task to be made by traveling to the future. What if he devoted himself for study as a missing link? He decided to do it.

A few more months work and he was finished—ready to travel to the twenty-fifth century and offer himself to a gentle populace as a missing link. The machine hummed with a life of its own and Witherson went back.

He materialized in a muddy area. "Wah!" he called, picturing the discovery. But he never finished speaking. A sharp pain below his ribs ended his life. Agents stood around him, speaking in German. "Herrn..." "See and..." "A new species of white ape."



Pen and ink drawing of a Roman soldier, spear in hand, perhaps imagining the grim face of his superior at left, was done by 22-year old Korean CREEPY fan SUWM IL OH of Tae Jeon.

From Chester, Pa. and CREEPY reader Barry Aydeniote comes . . .

#### THE GIFT By Barry Aydeniote

It was almost midnight. In another few minutes, it would be Christmas. It was the year, so my wife's relatives always visited and I didn't want any part of it. I just couldn't bear spending another holiday not being to her being able to relate his war experiences.

Hurriedly, I grabbed my hat and coat at the first sign they had arrived for another session of lectures. I went out back to my car and hopped in, hopeful of speeding a quiet drive away from company and tedious conversations. However, my car refused to start. I felt like some sort of mild idiot. I ran to a nearby car and forced open the door. It was trivial now and I wondered whose it was I had always worked on just like it. The motor purred as I started the car, silently praising the accelerator. The keys had been left there. As I drove the car through the driveway, I saw my wife Doris come running out the back door, waving, her Uncle Lucas behind her. I knew the thought, I was being immediately safe, knowing her alone just before Christmas but I just couldn't stand her relatives. There were so many of them. I could at most see Uncle Lucas smiling at the mouth, driving to tell me of how he was doing back in 1918. The scene lasted as I took that first left and past our house. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a gray colored note on the passenger's seat and snatched it up. I pressed my foot to the brake, wanting to park on a shoulder of the road to read the note.

Reading the note on the wheel and trying to negotiate the shoulder, I read, "Merry Christmas! I hope you like the car as I've been saving up for it for a long time. I disconnected some wires so we can't start the car yet. Love you very much, my darling. Try not to be too hostile to the folks, honey as they love you too. Your loving wife, Doris."

Suddenly, I felt the car shudder as it jumped the shoulder of the road. It was skidding and there was nothing I could do to stop it. I thought of Doris and realized why she had waved so frantically when I pulled out of the driveway. A sinking feeling hit my stomach as I tried shoving my weight against the door. I couldn't budge it because my jacket was caught. Dear Uncle Lucas, I thought, if only I was home now listening to your endless war stories instead of being imprisoned in this car, hunkering off the road, into the current bridge and the icy lake beyond.

## STARE

By Jerry Bradshaw  
Miami Beach, Fla.

Jason stared intently at the cylinder. It was grasped up against a corner of the small wooden shack. The cylinder was small, no larger than a waste basket. It had a black rod sticking to it and felt clamping to the back. Tired of worrying about the cylinder, he walked outside to get some fresh air.

The sun beat on his bare head as he stared at the walled beyond Mausoleum, he shivered his eyes.

"Damned planet!" he muttered, kicking his foot against the ground. He turned and went back inside. The cylinder stood waiting. "Well," Jason said addressing it, "before I go crazy or something, I'd better tell you." He waited for an answer but the cylinder remained silent. My name is Jason T. London and I'm from the planet Earth. I came to this planet two years ago." Silence.

"Why? Because of the population problem? I'm sure you've heard about the Earth's an increasingly population difficult. It's been building up since 1972. There were too many of us. We suffered from all the symptoms of an exploding society—overcrowding, hunger, poverty, war. There was only one way out."

Jason stopped and nodded. "Stop being so inquisitive," he said. "I'm coming to that. Every month a group of us were chosen and given rockets. They were allowed to go where they felt they wanted to. What's that?" Oh, everyone knew how to pilot a rocket. "I was stupid enough to pick this God forsaken planet. And now I can't get off because my rocket's broken down. The all machines have eroded. I've survived only because of my garden." Jason said talking to the cylinder. "Then one day, you landed smack dab in the middle of the garden just when I thought I was going to choke because of the loneliness." He stopped, aware suddenly that the cylinder was swaying back and forth as if alive. It fell to the floor and the cap came off. A ball of yellow shiny hair and long thin arms reached out from the opening. Jason shuddered as a rubbery hand grasped his leg.

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## OUT OF THE SEA

By Kevin Schaffner, Madison, Wis.

The full moon cast an ominous reflection on the hullmen, half-sunken as he drifted from the rippling waters of the beach onto land, not unlike some ancient statue captured in the frozen frame of his creation. The waves lapped at his legs as a kind of comfort for this savage spawned by the sea.

His muscular frame, as buffeted by the ocean wind, the creature stood silent, deep in thought. He had tried, back breaking arms and hands set with waves but none. He had learned to swim but there was more about him, something otherworldly just left in a class by himself, a cut above others of his ilk. There was the unworldly depth of color in his eyes, a cold blue. Like the miles cold tide of his homeland, Adonia where only the strongest could survive.

His childhood was but a vague memory and of no importance. What was important now was the rage that flooded his veins. The rage of betrayal! He remembered how his lord about him had cheated, sold out and played among his followers. "Kane of Maras, The Black Dog," he thought to himself, spitting out the words as if they were mud caught on his lips.

"Curses the gods that I was the leader of such a band of fools that they believed in the fact I was a god!" he shouted. He had been the leader of the Red Dragons, the most feared and courageous parties of the sea. Now he was alone and without followers, washed ashore alive by an unknown

sea. Closing his eyes tight, he vowed vengeance on the Black Dog, Kane of Maras. A new glow grew in his throat and he screamed in the night.

It was his sword which had saved him, kept him alive when he floated alone in the endless sea, almost without hope except for the rage. The sword's keen edge had provided sustenance by easily slaying the mollusks just beneath the water. It was the magic sword of Talon made by the Trails of Dor in their subterranean lair.

He was Talon then, Talon of the Ebon Sword. And he was alone now, alone except for the whispering sword of Ebon. It was strapped to his back by sea vines, yellow in color and blood red in the moonlight. Someday he knew that his enemies would suffer its blade. The Trails had cast it for some cosmic God, that was the legend. Talon found it by accident while hunting in Adonia. He remembered that first day with the sword, it had saved him from a cave bear come to feast on the unlucky.

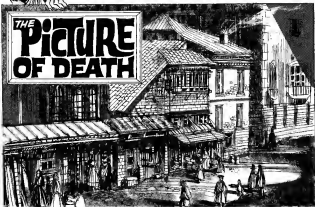
Since that day, Talon had carved a niche in the history of battle with the gleaming sword of Ebon. Once he had been but a lowly recruit but Talon with sword soon became the leader of the fearless Red Dragons, the ruling princes of the sea. Until the coming of Kane of Maras who forced Talon out by spreading lies about him, lies which festered in the minds of his followers. Lies which created the undoing of Talon so that the old Kane assigned the helm of leadership. Yes Kane of Maras, called the Black Dog because his face was dark and murky with blood, would pay dearly for the betrayal of Talon. Deeply indeed.



FOR CENTURIES  
BEING EDUCATED HAS  
BROUGHT WITH IT A HOST OF  
PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG  
HERBERT WILSON. BEING  
AN EDUCATED GENTLEMAN  
OF HIS ERA COULD MEAN  
HIS LIFE... LIFE AT LEAST  
IN THIS WORLD...

IN 1720 THE LITTLE TOWN OF LAIRG, IN  
THE COUNTRY OF SCOTLAND WAS THE  
MAIN COMMERCIAL CENTER IN THE REGION.  
ON THE 24TH AND 25TH OF EACH  
MONTH, LAIRG WOULD HOST TO VARIOUS  
TRADERS, VAGABONDS AND ARTISTS  
WHO CAME TO CELEBRATE THE CITY'S  
FEAST DAYS.

# THE PICTURE OF DEATH



AND IT WAS ON ONE OF THESE DAYS THAT HERBERT  
WILSON, A YOUNG FAINTER, TURNED UP IN  
LAIRG HE WAS ON HIS WAY BACK TO LONDON,  
AFTER HAVING SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS  
RESTING IN A FRENCH CASTLE NEAR THURSO.



I'VE GOT  
TO SPEND THE NIGHT  
IN LAIRG. I WONDER IF  
I'LL FIND A DECENT  
ENOUGH PLACE IF I'D  
KNOWN THAT LAIRG WOULD  
BE CELEBRATING ITS  
FEAST DAYS I'D HAVE  
DELAYED COMING  
BY A DAY.





*AFTER HAVING TRIED ALMOST EVERY INN IN LANS WITHOUT SUCCESS, HERBERT DISCOVERED A NOTICE FOR ROOMS TO LET IN A SMALL AND DREARY BAR...*



*HERBERT WILSON WAS SURPRISED THE MAN DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A TRADER... NOR DID HE APPEAR DREARY, AND YET...*





HENDERSON MADE HIS WAY TO THE ROOM FOR A MOMENT AND EDUCATED YOUTH OF THE TIMES, IT WAS ABSOLUTELY TO BELIEVE IN ANYTHING OUT OF THE NATURAL. "FOOL IGNORANT OLD DRUNK" THOUGHT HENDERSON.



A CONFUSED AND THROTTLED MASS OF HORRIBLE MONSTERS FILLED THE SURFACE OF THE CANVAS...



IT APPEARS TO BE A REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF THE PAINTINGS OF THE FLAMENCO MASTER, HERCIBUS BOCH. BUT IT'S OBVIOUSLY NOT! IT WAS CREATED BY A MUCH MORE FEVERISH AND TORMENTED IMAGINATION THAN HIS.



BENEATH THE MOVING LIGHT, THE MACABRE FIGURES SEEMED TO BE MOVING TO THE RHYTHM OF A SINISTER DANCE...



EVEN THOUGH I STILL THINK THAT STORY'S A BIT FAR-FETCHED, I'D FEEL SAFER WITH A WEAPON NEAR ME.



IF THE DEVIL DOES INDEED EXIST, THEN THESE GROTESQUE FIGURES MUST BE THE NEAREST THING TO HIM THEY'RE QUITE REVOLTING.



SOON, TIREDNESS OVERCAME THE YOUNG MAN AND HE FELT HIMSELF TRANSPORTED TO THE SWEET WORLD OF DREAMS.



EVERYTHING SEEMED QUIET AND PEACEFUL IN THAT ROOM, NOW EVER IN THE DREAMS. A DIFFERENT WORLD TO THE ONE WHEREBY HEW BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE AS IF THE NIGHT WAS ITS DAWN.

SLOWLY THE MONSTERS CREEPT FROM THE PAINTING...



AND KEPT ON COMING



SOON THEY WERE ENOUGH TO FILL THE ROOM OR ANY POOR MAN'S NIGHTMARE.



YET, THEY KEPT ON COMING.



IN A FEW SHORT MOMENTS, THE ROOM WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A TRUE INFERNAL PARADISE.



AND HERBERT WILSON WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PART IN IT...



OH YE  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?



GODD GOD!  
IT CAN'T  
BE TRUE!

HERBERT WAS PERTURBED  
HIS HAND SEARCHED  
ANXIOUSLY FOR...



...THE KNIFE...



HA! HA! HA!  
THE DOOR  
POOR WANTS  
TO KILL  
US!



DO YOU  
REALLY  
THINK  
YOUR SLAVE  
CAN DO  
ANYTHING?

THE ROOM SEEMED BEATING BEHIND  
HERBERT STROOK OUT AGAIN  
AND AGAIN WITHOUT MAN-  
AGING TO TOUCH EVEN  
ONE OF THOSE  
MONSTERS...

IT IS A SICK IMAGINATION THAT  
TRESPASSES ON THE BORDERS  
OF REALITY. WE ARE NOT  
MATTER. WE COME FROM  
THE VICID WORLD OF  
MADNESS.

HEBERT WILSON WAS STUNNED  
BY HIS OWN FEAT AND THE  
RAUCOUS BURLERS OF LAUGHTER...

COME WITH US  
GENTLE, WHY?  
FARES / VISIT A  
DENSE AND  
MUCH PROPLED  
WORLD...

WE  
DON'T SHOUT!  
WE DON'T CRY!  
AND WE DO NOT  
KNOW THEN WE ARE  
THE PRODUCT OF A  
MIND WHICH KNOWS  
HOW TO PROTECT  
US FOREVER...

DANCE!  
DANCE WITH ME!  
TAKE ADVANTAGE  
OF THESE FEW  
HAPPY MOMENTS  
WE SHARE WITHIN  
THE CONFINES  
OF INFINITY...



YOU HAVE DARED TO  
PATRON THE UNPATRON-  
ABLE / NOW YOU  
HAVE FOUND HAPPIN-  
ESS. ENJOY IT!



HOW HORRIBLE YOU ARE! IF  
YOU DON'T START CHANGING  
SOON, YOU WON'T FIND ANYONE  
TO STAY WITH YOU WHEN WE  
RETURN TO OUR DELICIOUS  
GARDEN



WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
WHAT?  
ONE MORE IN  
OUR WORLD?



DON'T LISTEN  
TO THEM EVERY-  
THING WILL BE  
ALL RIGHT, WAIT  
A WHILE,  
YOU'LL SEE



HERBERT DID NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT  
WAS HAPPENING. HE FELT HIMSELF COM-  
PLETELY LOST, SUDDELY, FROM OUT OF  
THOSE MISTYFIC DRINKS, A WOMAN  
EMERGED... YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL...



YOU LIKE HER, DON'T  
YOU? SHE'S LIKE YOU!  
SHE WILL BE YOUR  
COMPANION! WITH HER,  
YOU WILL ENJOY A  
MATE THROUGH  
INFINITY!



IT'S USELESS  
TO RESIST I  
TOO, HAD THE  
SAME IDEA AS  
YOU AND I WAS AS  
HORRIFIED AS YOU  
ARE NOW.  
COME!



FOLLOW  
HER! FOLLOW  
HER! TO THE  
EDGE OF  
THE GARDEN  
OF REEDS  
38



THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CAUGHT HERBERT BY THE HAND AND LED HIM TO HER NEW WORLD. BUT AS THEY ADVANCED, HER FACE AND BODY UNDERWENT A TRANSFORMATION...



DATE SHE WAS A HORRIBLE  
GALLOPING MADE HERBERT  
COULDN'T LEAVE THE RIGHT OF  
HIS AND TRIED TO RUN  
DESPERATELY...



HE RAN THROUGH LONG ROWS OF  
EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEINGS WHO SLOWLY  
AS IF IN EDDIES, HEADED TOWARDS  
THE LIGHT.



"DON'T WEADNE!  
LEAVE ME IN PEACE!  
I HAVEN'T DONE  
ANYTHING TO YOU!  
IN GOD'S NAME  
LEAVE ME!"

"YOU WANTED  
TO KILL US! REMEM-  
BER! BUT NEVER MIND  
NOW YOU WILL  
UNDERSTAND THAT  
YOU'RE ALREADY  
ONE OF US!"

"RUN! RUN!  
KEEP RUNNING!  
YOU'LL BE THE  
FIRST TO  
ARRIVE!  
HASTUR! AM!"

ABOUT WHERE? SUDDENLY, HERBERT  
FELT A BARRIER, HE STOPPED.  
IT WAS AS IF AN INVISIBLE  
MEMBRANE HAD PARALYZED  
HIM.

SLOWLY, ALL THE OTHER BEINGS TOOK  
THEIR PLACES BESIDE HIM. THEY WERE  
AT THE LIGHT...







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ISSUE

## I, INVISIBLE

Another solo horror tale by artist/writer Joe M. Bea who did "The Picture of Death" in this issue, p. 64. A classic chiller about a man who longed after invisibility.

### AND

## SPELLBOUND

The cover story! A classic horror tale of unrequited love by Lynn Murren, author of "Horror at Harlow House" in Eerie #37. Art by Garcia.

### PLUS

## BEHOLD!...THE CYBERNITE!

A way-out Science Fiction story of one lone alien set to do battle with the world. Art by Tom Sutton



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